AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER AND LITERARY COMPANION.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.] ALBANY SATURDAY MARCH, 14, 1840. [VOL. I.—NO. 28.

MASONIC.

ORDER OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.

This Religious and Military Order, whose virtues and prowess emblazon the historical page, and the memory of whose unmerited persecution will invoke the tribute of a sigh from every generous breast, originated in Jerusalem, A. D. 1128.

Some time after the establishment of this Order, nine gentlemen (of whose names two only remain on record, viz: Hugho de Paganis and Godfry Adelman) moved by a sense of the dangers to which the pilgrims were exposed on their journey to and from Jerusalem, formed a little society, to serve as a guard to conduct them beyond the defiles of the mountains and other dangerous passes. These men were encouraged by the Abbot of Jerusalem, who assigned them and their companions a place of retreat in a Christain Church, called the Church of the *Holy Temple*, on which account we are called Templars, or Chevaliers of the Temple, and not from the Temple of Jerusalem, that having been destroyed by Titus Vespasian, almost a thousand years before the society of Templars, was instituted.

It would be useless, as Lawrie justly observes, to attempt to prove that the order of Templars is a branch of Freemasonry. This fact has been invariably acknowledged by Masons themselves, and none have been more jealous to establish it than the enemies of the order; the former admitted the fact not only because it was true; the latter have supported it because by the aid of a little sophistry they hoped to employ it to the disgrace of the Order.

Although the professed object of this association was to protect these christian pilgrims whose mistaken piety and zeal had led them to the Holy City, yet it is beyond a doubt that its chief and primary intention was to practice and preserve the *rites* and *mysteries* of Freemasonry. We know at least that the Knight Templars not only possesed the mysteries, but performed the ceremonies and inculcated the duties of Freemasonry, and it is equally certain that the practising these rights could contribute nothing to the protection of the Roman Catholic pilgrims. Had the Templars avowed the real object of the institution, instead of that favor and honor which they so long enjoyed, they would have at once experienced the animosity and vengeance of the Papish Church. But as they were stimulated with a sincere regard for her religion, and with a decided abhorrence of the Infidel professors of Judea, it was never once supposed that they transacted any other buisness at their secret meetings, than that which concerned the regulation of their Order, the advancement of the Romish Church, and the extirpation of its enemies.

About the time of the Knights Templars chivalry had arrived at its highest perfection, when it made its first appearance, the moral and political condition of Europe was, in every respect truly deplorable. The religion of Jesus Christ existed but in name; a degraded superstition unsurped its place, and threatened to destroy the reason and dignity of man. The political rights of the lower orders, were sacrificed to the interests of the great. War was carried on with a degree of savage cruelty, equalled only by the sanguinary contentions of the beasts of prey; no clemency was shown to the vanquished, or humanity to the captive. The female sex was doomed to the most laborious and degraded occupations, and were deserted and despised by that very sex on whose protection and sympathy they have so natural claim. To remedy these disorders, a few intelligent and pious men formed an association, whose members were sworn to defend the Christian Religion, to practice its morals, to protect widows, orphans, and the weaker sex; and to decide judicially, and not by arms, the disputes that might arise about their goods and effects. It was from this association that the order of chivalry arose, and not, as some think from the public investiture of arms, which was customary among the ancient Germans.

But whatever was the origin of chivalry, it produced a considerable change in the manners and sentiments of the great. It could not indeed, eradicate that ignorance and depravity which engendered those awful evils which debased mankind and deluged the world in blood. It has softened, however, the ferocity of war: it has restored the female sex to that honorable rank which they now possess, and which they are at all times entitled to hold. It has inspired those sentiments of friendship and sympathy which have contributed so much to the civilization of the world, and has introduced that principle of *honor*, which (though far from being a laudable motive to action) often checks the licentious, when moral and religious considerations would make no impression.

We are assured that until as late as the year 1788, there existed on Mount Libanus one of those Syriac Fraternities, from whence several members of those trading associations of Masons migrated into Europe: and as the Order of Templars was originally formed in Syria, and existed there for a considerable time, it would be no improbable supposition that they received their knowledge from Lodges in that quarter. But we are, fortunately, in this case, not left to conjecture: for we are expressly informed by a foreign author* who was well acquainted with the history and custom of Syria, that the Knights Templars were actually members of the Syriac Fraternities.

The connexion between chivalry and Freemasonry is excellently exemplified in the fraternity of Knights Templars. It is well known that this association was an order of chivalry; that the Templars performed its ceremonies and were influenced by its precepts; and it has already been shown, that the same association was initiated into the mysteries, was regulated by the maxims, and practised the rites of Freemasonry. But though they acted in a double capacity, it must be evident to all who study the history of the Templars, that their Masonic character chiefly predominated, and that to them we are indebted for the preservation of an institution which has been a source of comfort and relief to the unfortunate and distressed, and of the highest gratification and felicity to the *Philanthropic, Humane* and *Benevolent*.

*Adler de Drusis Monte Libani Rome 1788.

ELEGANT EXTRACT.

The long and uninterrupted existence of Masonry in the world, is a circumstance which cannot escape the observation of the contemplative, nor fail to excite some degree of wonder, in those at least, who understand not its pure and well-formed system. It has stood the waste of time, through many revolving ages, amidst the successive revolutions of states and empires, of human laws, and customs, it has remained without any change in its principles, and without any material alteration in its original form. Placed on the immovable basis of the best natural principles of the human heart, its pillars have remained unshaken, amidst the rage of every varied storm, and to this hour have suffered no decay.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE EXCELLENCY OF MASONRY.

Masonry is an art, useful and extensive. In every art there is a mystery, which requires a progress of study and application, to arrive at any degree of perfection. Without much instruction, and more exercise, no man can be skilful in any art; in like manner, without an assidous application to the various subjects treated in the different lectures of Masonry, no person can be sufficiently acquainted with its true value.

From this remark, it must not be inferred, that persons who labor under the disadvantage of a confined education, or whose sphere of life requires assidous attention to buisness or useful employment are to be discouraged in their endevours to gain a knowledge of Masonry. To qualify an individual to enjoy the benefits of society at large, or to partake of its privileges, it is not absolutely necessary that he should be acquainted with all the intricate parts of the science.—These are only intended for persons, who may have leisure and opportunity, to indulge such pursuits.

Some may be more able than others, some more eminent, some more useful, but all, in their different spheres may prove advantageous to the community: and our necessities, as well as our consciences, bind us to love one another. It must be admitted that those who accept offices and exercise authority in the Lodge, ought to be men of prudence and address, enjoying all the advantages of a well cultivated mind, and retentive memory. All men are not blessed with the same powers and talents; all men, therefore, are not equally qualified to govern. He who wishes to teach must submit to learn; and no one is qualified to support the higher offices of the Lodge, who has not previously discharged the duties of those which are subordinate. Experience is the best preceptor. All men rise by gradation, and merit and industry are the first steps to preferment.

Masonic Miscellany.

ANECDOTE OF THE WRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

Among the peculiar circumstances attending the dreadful wreck of the French vessel, the Medusa, on the coast of Africa, the following is not among the least worthy of being recorded. After passing thirteen days on a raft, subject to every privation, and exposed to a parching heat, which produced madness in all its hideous forms they at length were relieved from this perilous situation, having lost 135 out of 150 men. On the shore they were crowded into an hospital, where medicines, and even the common necessaries of life were wanting. An English merchant went to see them. One of the poor, unhappy wretches made the sign of a Freemason in distress; it was understood, and the Englishman instantly said, "My brother, you must come to my house and make it your home." The Frenchman nobly replied: "My brother I thank you, but I

cannot leave my companions in misfortune." "Bring them with you," was the answer; and the hospitable Englishman maintained them all until he could place them beyond the reach of misfortune.

MISCELLANY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

ORIGIN OF TRIAL BY JURY.

As trial by jury, is esteemed one of the most important privileges which members of Society can enjoy—every man of reflection must be stimulated by the desire of enquiring into its origin and history, as well as to be acquainted with the forms and advantages by which it is accompanied. We will therefore begin by tracing it to its origin. "Some authors (says Sir Wm. Blackstone) have endeavored to trace the origin of juries up as high as the Britons themselves, the first inhabitants of our island; but certain it is, that they were in use among the earliest Saxon Colonies, their institution being ascribed by bishop Nicholson to Woden himself, their great legislator and Captain.—Hence it is, that we may find traces of juries in the laws of all those nations, which adopted the feudal system, as in Germany, France and Italy; who had all of them a tribunal composed of twelve good men and true, *boni homines*, usually the vassals or tenants of the lord, being the equals or peers of the parties litigant; and, as the lord's vassals judged each other in the lord's courts, so the king's vassals, or the lords themselves judged each other in the King's Court. In England we find actual mention of them so early as the laws of king Ethelred, and that not as a new invention. Stiernhook ascribes the invention of the jury, which in the Teutonic language is denominated *nembda*, to Regner king of Sweden and Denmark, who was contemporary with our king Egbert. Just as we are apt to impute the invention of this, and some other pieces of judicial polity, to the superior genius of Alfred the Great, to whom, on account of his having done much, it is usual to attribute every thing: and as the tradition of ancient Greece placed to the account of their own Hercules whatever achievement was performed superior to the ordinary prowess of mankind. Whereas the truth seems to be, that this tribunal was universally established among all the northern nations, and so interwoven in their very constitution that the earliest accounts of the one gives us also some traces of the other."

This opinion has been controverted with much learning and ingenuity by Dr. Pettingol in his enquiry into the use and practice of juries among the Greeks and Romans, who deduces the origin of juries from their ancient notions. Thus shewing that juries were first used in republican government. Dr P. begins with determining the meaning of the word *dikasai* in the Greek, and *judices* in the Roman writers. "The common acceptation of these (says he,) and the idea generally annexed to them, is that of *presidents of Courts*, or, as we call them, *judges*: as such they are understood by in his life of Cicero, expressly calls the judices, *judges of the bench*; and Archbishop Potter, and in short all modern writers upon the Greek or Roman orators, or authors in general, express *dikasai* and *judices* by commentaters, and rendered by critics. Dr. Middleton, such terms as convey the idea of *presidents in courts of justice*. The propriety of this is doubted of, and hath given occasion for this enquiry; in which is shown, from the best Greek and Roman authorities, that neither the *dikasai* of the Greeks nor the *judices* of the Romans, ever signified *presidents in courts of judicature*, or *judges of the bench*, but on the contrary, they were distinguished from each other, and the difference of their duty and function was carefully and clearly pointed out by the orators in their pleadings, who were the best authorities in those cases, where the question related to forms of law, and methods of proceeding in judicial affairs and criminal process.

The Presidents of the Courts in criminal trials at Athens were the nine archons, or chief magistrates, of which whoever presided was called President of the Court. The nine presided in different causes peculiar to each jurisdiction. The archon, properly so called, had belonging to his department all pupillary and heritable cases; the *basileus* or *rex sacrorum*, the chief priest in all cases where religion was concerned; the polemarchus, or general, the affairs of the army and all military matters; and the six, the smothetae, the other ordinary suits.

Whereever then the *andres dikasai* or judicial men, are addressed by the Greek orators in their speeches, they are not to be understood to be presiding magistrates, but another class of men, who were to enquire into the state of the cause before them by witnesses and other methods of coming at the truth; and after enquiry made and witnesses heard, to report their opinion and verdict to the President, who was to declare it.

The several steps and circumstances attending this judicial proceeding are so similar to the forms observed by our jury, that the reader cannot doubt but the nature, intent, and proceedings of the dikasai among the Greeks were the same with the English jury; namely, for the protection of the lower people from the power and oppression of the great, by administering *equal law and justice to all ranks*; and therefore when the Greek orators directed their speeches to the *andres dikastia*, as we see in Demosthenes, Aeschines, and Lysias, we are to understand it in the same sense as when our lawyers at the bar, say *Gentleman of the Jury*.

So likewise among the Romans, the *judices* in their pleadings at the bar, never signified judges of the bench, or president of the Court, but a body or order of men, whose office in the Courts of judicature was distinct from that of praetor or *judex questionis*, which answered to our judge of the bench, and was the same with the archon, or President of the Greek: whereas the duty of the judices consisted in being impannelled, as we call it, and sworn to try uprightly the case before them; and when they had agreed upon their opinion or verdict, to deliver it to the president, who was to pronounce it. This kind of judicial process was first introduced into the Athenian polity by Solon, and thence copied into the Roman republic, as probable means of procuring just judgment, and protecting the lower people from the oppression or arbitrary decisions of their superiors.

When the Romans were settled in Britain as a province, they carried with them their *jura* and *instituta* their laws and customs, which was a practice essential to all colonies; hence the Britons, and other countries of Germany and Gaul, earned from them the Roman laws and customs; and upon the irruption of the Northern nations into the Southern Kingdoms of Europe, the laws and institutions of the Romans remained when the power that introduced them was withdrawn and Montesquieu tells us, that under the first race of Kings in France, about the fifth century, the Romans that remained, and the Burgundians their new masters, lived together under the same Roman laws and police and particularly the same forms of judicature. How reasonable then is it to conclude, that in the Roman Courts of judicature continued among the Burgundians, the form of a jury remained in the same state it was used at Rome. It is certain Montesquieu speaking of those times, mentions the *pairs* or *homme defief*, homager or peers, which in the same chapter he calls *juges, judges*, or *juryman*. These were the same as are called in the laws of Edward the confessor *pers de la tenure*, the "peers of the tenure or homagers," out of whom the jury of peers were chosen, to try a matter in dispute between the lord and his tenants, or any other point of controversy in the manor. So likewise in all other parts of Europe, where the Roman colonies had been, the Goths succeeding them, continued to make use of the same laws and institutions which they found to be established there by the first conquerors. This is a much more natural way of accounting for the origin of a jury in Europe, than having recourse to the to the fabulous story of Woden and his savage Scythian companions, as the first introducers of so humane and benificent institution.

L.

MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN.

The marriage of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert was solemnized on the 10th of February, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The day was inauspicious, a heavy rain falling; but immense multitudes assembled to gaze upon the processions.

In St. James's Park, the area in front of Buckingham Palace, and the avenue leading from thence to the garden entrance of St. James's was densely thronged before eight o'clock, and the rain which fell after that time caused no sensible diminution of the crowds, for as fast as the endeavor of one body of the eager visitors gave way their places were filled by the fresh numbers which were every minute arriving.

Buckingham Palace.

Her Royal highness the Dutchess of Kent, and the twelve Bridesmaids were in attendance upon her majesty at an early hour. The Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester, the Dutchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary, and the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, the Dutchess Gloucester, and the Princes Augusta, also arrived early at the Palace and were admitted to her majesty's private apartments.

The Royal Bride's Procession

begun to move through the triumphal arch at 12 o'clock. The cheers of the men and women's fond and audible aspipations of sympathy continued until the royal salute of 21 guns announced that the Queen was entering her carriage. When she appeared amongst them beyond the precincts of the Palace, she was hailed with acclamations of lore and loyalty, which seemed to affect her so much that tears might better express the intensity of her feelings than even the winning smiles she wore as she repressed her emotions. The cries of "God bless her!" which burst upon her ear from every side, evidently affected her.

The procession passed on to the garden entrance of

St. James's Palace.

by which her majesty proceeded, up the grand staircase, to the Queen's Closet or Privy Council Chamber imediately behind the Throne room where she remained till the order of the proceedings was arranged in front of the Throne, of which her Majesty received notice from the Lord Chamberlain.

Prince Albert's portion of the procession moved first, preceded by the Lord and Deputy Chamberlains, who conducted His Royal Highness to the chapel where he remained on the right hand side, or left of the altar.—The Lord Chamberlain and Deputy Chamberlain then returned to her majesty, and having their prescribed positions, her majesty's procession advanced, preceded by music, and guided by the Officers of the Earl marshal.

At half past 9, when we entered the chapel, there were comparatively few seats occupied in the gallery, and none in the pews below.

In the Ambassador's gallery, facing the alter among the first arrivals, were the American minister and Mrs. Stevenson, the Turkish Ambassador, the Princess Esterhazy, Mr. and Mrs. Van de Weyhr, Count and Countess Bjornstjerne, the Swedish Ambassador, Russian Ambassador, Count Sebastiani; a number of others arrived in rapid succession, and the south gallery soon presented a very magnificent display of costly diamonds, stars, and decorations. At 10 o'clock one of the bands marching into the Palace yard, passed the chapel window playing "haste to the wedding," and while a smile mantled on the faces of the women, the Archbishop of Canterbury most appropriately entered the chapel, and proceeded up to the altar.

In the lower pew, on the right of the altar, were the Duke of Devonshire, with magnificent nuptial favors, depending from either shoulder, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Sutherland, and the ladies Sutherland, Marquis of Westminster, the Duke of Wellington, who also wore long bows of white satin ribbon, His Waterloo medal, and carried his Field Marshal's baton. His Grace appeared to form an object of much interest and curiosity to those assembled in the Chapel.

At eleven o'clock the choristers, preceded by Sir. George Smart, took their seats in the organ gallery, and shortly afterwards the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, assisted by the Bishop of Llandaff, Dean of the Chapel, took their places on the right of the communion table.

The second pew on the right of the altar was appropriated to the queen Dowager and suite.

The queen Dowager entered immediately afterward, and took her seat on the right of the state chair appropriated to Prince Albert—all the spectators rose on her entrance and her majesty courtsied at this mark of respect.

At half past twelve the fold ng doors of the entrance of the Chapel were thrown open, and immediately afterward the drums and trumpets in the distance anounced the approach of

THE PROCESSION OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

On entering the chapel the drums and trumpets filed off without the door, and the procession advancing His Royal Highness was conducted to the seat provided for him on the left hand of the altar. His supporters, the Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, and the hereditary Prince, with the officers of their suite, occupied seats near Prince Albert.

His Serene Highness wore a field marshal's uniform with large rosettes of white satin on his shoulders.—There was a flush on his brow as he entered the chapel, while His Manly and dignified bearing, and the cordial and unaffected manner with which he greeted those of the Peers and Peeresses around him, with whom he had been previously acquainted, won all hearts, and many of those around us either with their lips or hearts pronounced that Prince Albert was a consort worthy of Queen Victoria.

The Lord Chamberlain, and Vice Chamberlain preceded by drums and trumpets, having returned to attend her majesty.

Her majesty then proceeded to the chapel.

Her majesty wore a magnificent robe and veil of the most exquisite workmanship. The only ornament on her head was a wreath of orange flowers, and a small diamond pin, by which the nuptial veil was fastened to her hair. Her train was of white satin, with a deep fringe of lace, and she looke l the personification of dignity, gentleness and love, as she advanced up the aisle to the altar.

Prince Albert met her majesty at the haut pas and conducted her to her seat on the right hand side of the altar.

Immediately around her majesty's chair, were her twelve maids of honour, attired in virgin white, while in the centre sat her majesty, "the leading star of every eye." Prince Albert stan ling on her right and her Royal Highness the Dutchess of Kent on her left stood the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Melbourne, the Lord Chancellor, and the other great officers of State.

The Archbishop of Canterbury having advanced to the rails, her Majesty and Prince Albert approached him, and the service commenced:

When his Grace came to the words—

Albert, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

His serene highness, in a firm tone, replied "I will."

And when he said—

Victoria, wilt thou have Albert to be thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?

Her Majesty looked up affectionately in Prince Albert's face, and replied, loud enough to be heard in every part of the Chapel—"I will."

The Archbishop then said—

Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?

His royal highness the Duke of Sussex advanced, and took her Majesty's hand, which he placed in that of the Prince.

The service then proceeded.

Prince Albert then placed the ring on her finger, repeating—

With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee worship, and with all my worldly goo ls I thee endow; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The Archbishop then concluded the service.

While the service was proceeding, her Majesty was observed to look frequently at Prince Albert, who was standing at her side. In fact she scarcely ever took her eyes off him till she left the chapel.

The service having concluded, the several members of the Royal Family who ha l occupied places around the altar, returned to take up their positions in the procession. On passing her Majesty, they all paid their congratulations; and the Duke of Sussex, after shaking her by the hand in a manner which appeared to have little ceremony, but with cordiality in it, affectionately kissed her cheek. After all had passed, with the exception of the Royal bride and bridegroom, her Majesty stepped hastily across to the other side of the altar, where the queen Dowager was standing and kissed her.

Prince Albert then took her Majesty's hand, and the Royal pair left the chapel, all the spectators standing.

After the ceremony, the procession returned through the suite of apartments, her majesty and illustrious consort walking hand in hand, and acknowledged with gracious smiles the cheers with which the walls of the ancient Palace now re-echoed, for it must be observed the procession passed on its way to the Chapel.

THE ATTESTATION.

On reaching the throne-room, the formal attestation took place, when her majesty and Prince Albert signed the marriage register, which was attested, by the members of the royal family and officers of state present. A splendid table had been prepared for the purpose, and this part of the ceremony, presented one of the most auspicious spectacles of the day.

Having remained a short time in the royal closet, her Majesty and the Prince returned in the same carriage from the royal garden of St. James to Buckingham Palace, and the generous greeting which burst from the crowds, whose numbers the pelting rain had not diminished, seemed in a great measure addressed to the ear of Prince Albert, who acknowledged the kindness evidently with deep feeling.

WEDDING BREAKFAST.

A Wedding repast was prepared, at which several of the illustrious participators in the previous ceremony, and the officers of the household and ministers of state, were present. It is needless to say that the taste and ingenuity of the confectioners and table-deckers were prominently displayed at the festival, a splendid wedding cake forming a prominent object of attraction.

After partaking of the sumptous *dejeune*, the royal bridal party set out for Windsor attended by the military, and on the road they were greeted by assembled thousands with the same affection and cordiality with the inhabitants of the metropolis.

THE COURT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Friday's Gazeatte announces that the Queen has been pleased to ordain "that his Serene Highness, Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanu-l, Duke of Saxe, Prince of Saxe-Coburgh and Gotha, Knight of the Most noble Order of the Garter, shall henceforth and upon all occasions whatsoever be styled and called 'His Royal Highness' before his name and such titles as now do or hereafter may belong to him." A supplement to the Gazette states that her Majesty has appointed Prince Albert to be a field marshal in the army; commission to be dated the 8thof February, 1840.

THE GATHERER,

War upon the Boot Blacks.—A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce has put forth a solemn protest against the doings of the polishing gentlemen on board steamboats; to wit, their "practice of gathering after passengers have retired to their berths, all the boots and shoes to be found in the b hins, and carrying the same to some place unknown to most of the passengers, and leaving the owners to hunt them up in the morning, without slippers, over wet floors, in their stockings; solely that the head of this department may impose his tax of one shilling for his job."

The practice is a bad one, and ought to be forbidden by the captains and owners. As the protestant truly says, it gives annoyance to the passengers at all times, and in case of sudden alarm tends to increase confusion. Besides, it is anti-democratic, and should not be allowed in a free country, where every man ought to have the privilege of wearing his boots polished or rusty, at his own option. There is no good reason why the labors of the polishing gentleman should not be deferred until the morning, and then be given only on request. The barber might just as well go about and shave the chins of the passengers, whether they will or no.—*Com Adv.*

We "go the entire" of all here said, or that can be said, in condemnation of that largest liberty" taken by the steamboat "boots" with the boots of passengers.—It has often caused us, from sheer spite, to keep our boots on our feet night after night, on board the Hudson steamers, much to the disadvantage of the *virgin* bed linen, which by the process performed the office of brushes and elbow grease. Let us have a reform in this matter, good Messrs. Captains.—*New York Sun.*

NECESSITY OF RECREATION.

There is in human nature, and never to be rooted out of it, a want of excitement and exhilaration. The cares and labours of life often leave the mind dull, and when it is relieved from them,—and it must be relieved; their must be seasons of relief, the question is, how are these seasons to be filled up? The man cannot sit down dull and stupid, and he ought not. Now suppose that society provides him with no cheerful or attractive recreations, that all cheap and free enjoyments, the hale, hearty, holiday recreations, are out of use and out of reach, what now will the man set free from business or labour be likely to do? He asks for relief and exhilaration, he asks for escape from his cares and his anxieties, society in its arrangement offers him none; the tavern and the alehouse propose o supply the want what so likely as that he will resort to the tavern and the alehouse? Men cannot labour on always. They must have intervals of relaxation. They cannot sleep through these intervals. What are they to do? Why, if they do not work or sleep, they must have recreation. And if they have not recreation from healthful sources, they will be very likely to take it from the poisoned fountains of intemperance. Or if they have pleasures, which though innocent, are forbidden by the maxims of public morality, their very pleasures are liable to become poisoned fountains.—*Rev. O. Dewey.*

SLEEP.

Healthy men require a little above six hours sleep, healthy women, a little above seven, in four and twenty. If any one desires to know exactly what quantity of sleep his own constitution requires, he may very easily make the experiment which I made about sixty years ago. I then waked every night about twelve or one, and lay awake for some time. I readily concluded that this arose from my being longer in bed than nature required. To be satisfied, I procured an alarum, which waked me the next morning at seven (near an hour earlier than I arose the day before,) yet I lay awake a gain at night. The second morning I rose at six—but, notwithstanding this, I lay awake the third night. The fourth morning I rose at four, as by the grace of God, I have done ever since, and I lie awake no more. And I do not lie awake, taking the year round, a quarter of an hour together in a month. By the same experiment, rising earlier and earlier every morning, may one find how much sleep he really wants.

Novel Application.—Charity Johnson, a colored woman, applied to the Chancellor yesterday for an allowance from her husband, John Johnson, to carry on a suit for a divorce. She claimed for this purpose $100, and $250 to pay three months board for herself and child. In her bill she stated that she had complied with all the "regiments" of the law but that her husband had not. The Chancellor referred the parties to the police office, very much to their chagrin, for they are aristocratic negroes, and live in great style in the upper part of the city.—*N. Y. Sun.*

To make a brilliant stucco to wash for all buildings inside or out.—Take clean lumps of well burnt lime, slacked, add one fourth pound of whiting of burnt alum, pulverized, one pound of Isinglass, three quarts of rice flower made into a thin and well boiled starch, and one pound of cleanest glue, dissolved as cabinet makers do. This may be put on cold within doors, but hot outside, and will be as brilliant as plaster of Paris, and retain its brilliancy many years.

POPULAR TALES.

THE CONTINENTAL BLOCKADE.

A STORY.

The Continental Blockade was one of the gigantic ideas of Napoleon. Master of the whole of Europe, either directly or indirectly, he still found all his schemes thwarted by the indomitable opposition of England, and to weaken this enemy, whose whole wealth and strength lay avowedly in her commerce, he exerted all his power to close the ports of the continent against her shipping. To a certain extent, he was successful. Almost the whole line of the shore of Europe was blocaded against the British shipping: but the natural consequence was that a contraband system was established, which undid the effect of the whole blockade. Even France itself, which might be supposed to follow up the emperor's wishes with the greatest strictness, had been too long accustomed to depend on Britain for commercial supplies to be able to do entirely without them. In spite of the closest watching on the part of Napoleon's officials large quantities of smuggled goods were introduced from Britain into the Channel coasts of France. It was at one of the French ports in this quarter that the following incidents took place, which will be more intelligible after this explanation of the state of matters at the time of their occurrence.

The port in question, like others in France, had suffered severely from the blocade, in as much as its shipping lay idle and useless, through fear of the terrible enemy which held the mastery of the seas. The inhabitants of the port consequently endured very considerable privations, and a portion of them were not unwilling to profit by the visits of smugglers from the other side of the Channel. Others, again, and among these all the old sailors who had fought against Britain, would have died sooner than have smoked a bit of tobacco, or drunk a glass of rum that had been brought into the port in violation of the blocade. One day, an old privateer captain, named Scipio, was seated with a number of old mariners like himself, on the deck of the Halcyon, a dismantled hulk which Scipio had taken in other days from the English, and which now stood in a corner of the harbor, converted into a stationary residence for the privateer and his associates. "Is it not shocking," said Scipio to his companions, "that the port should have abundance of tobacco, sugar, coffee, and other articles, when it is certain that for many weeks not a merchantmen has cast anchor in the harbor?" "Shocking," repeated every one around.—"My friends," said Scipio, "we are daily betrayed.—The blocade is not respected. Though we have custom-house officers and coast-guards, they are worth nothing. There is some connivance between the townspeople and the English, which enables the smuggler—for it is one vessel, I am convinced, that does the whole mischief—to approach the coast, always at the very moment when the coast-guard are out of the way. These wretches of grocers would sell their country for profit." "If you are right, Master Scipio," said one or the seamen, "the smuggler should not be far off now, since the guard-sloop is gone for a day or two." Scipio turned his head slowly to the west as he heard this remark, and gazed on the long line of blue waters before him. In an instant he cried. "My glass! my glass! that villainous smuggler is there again!" The old privateer's telescope was handed to him, and, after arranging it, he sank gradually on one knee, and swept the horizon with his experienced eye. From sea he turned his gaze to land, and examined that portion of the prospect with equal attention. "What, in the name of wonder, brings that girl in the blue robe so often to that rock by the sea side? And at such a distance from the town too? She must have a purpose!"

The old mariners around could not comprehend the meaning of Scipio's remark. "The smuggler," said one, "what of the smuggler?" Scipio rose smartly to his tact, as if roused from a reverie. "The English smuggler is about to land somewhere not far off this night, my friends: and shall we allow it. No? though the guard-sloop be away, we shall find some boat or another to carry us to sea, and I am sure we are men enough, old as we are, to stop for once the smuggler's pranks, I shall go this instant, and demand letters of marque from the commissary of marine.—There is treachery somewhere, my friends, but we shall make the blocade be respected!" The ancient mariners cheered old Scipio with spirit, as he departed on his errand to the house of the commissary. "We shall make the blocade be respected," cried they.

Scipio was long in reaching the house of the commissary, from whom he had to receive the letters of marque, or commission, necessary to enable him to fulfil the purpose he had in view. But when he arrived at his destination, he found that the commissary was just about to sit down to dinner. A servant, however, showed him into an elegant hall and promised to announce his wish to see the commissary. Scipio sat here nearly half an hour, biting his nails at the thought that the night was advancing, and the smuggler would soon have his business done. The impatient old privateer at length seized the bell-rope, and rang it violently. A servant reappeared, and, after an apology, on account of there being company at dinner, informed Scipio that the commissary would be glad to hear his business to-morrow. "To-morrow!" cried the veteran, "tell your master that I want a letter of marque, that the English smuggler is in sight, and that in an hour or two, if not prevented, his cargo will be landed, and the blocade broken!" The domestic disappeared, and soon returned with a message to Scipio to wait till after dinner. Scipio sat down, thinking the meal might be soon over. But first course second course, and dessert, successively passed by under the eyes and nostrils of the privateer, and more than an hour was taken up with them. Scipio was now enraged beyond bounds, and he burst through the crowd of servants into the dining-room, where the commissary of marine sat at the head of a splendid party. "Master commissary!" cried the angry and unceremonious seaman, "why have I been kept waiting for nearly two hours in your hall, when I only want a slip of paper, and when you have been told that a smuggler is on the coast, and is violating the blocade?" The guests sat astonished at this speech. I don't require to be taught my duty cried the commissary: "leave the house, fellow." "I will go," returned Scipio, in tones as high; "but I will say to the whole town that you have refused me a scrap of writing, which would have given me the right to battle with these foes of my country! There are traitors here! There are some who know but too well the place and the hour for the smuggler's descent—." Suddenly the irritated veteran came to a pause. His eye had fallen on the young daughter of the commissary, and he remained gazing upon her in a species of stupor.—This pause in the angry discussion gave an opportunity to a young lieutenant in the naval service, who was present, to rise and approach the privateer. Scipio permitted the youth to lead him out of the room and the house, without a word of resistance. "Scipio, my old friend," said the lieuteuant, when the two were alone, "what is the cause of this conduct?" "Oh, Master Agustus, it was I who made a man, a seaman of you: and if you have any kindness for me on that score, get me a letter of marque, and a boat of any kind and let me go and punish that rascally smuggler!" "Your demand may be reasonable, or may not, Scipio said the young officer," but you take a strange way to prefer it to the commissary, and on the night, too, of his only child's betrothing. "What! that girl whom I saw just now?" asked the old mariner. "Even so," was the reply; "that very young lady at whom you star'd so strangely." "And to whom may she be betrothed?" said Scipio. "To me, my old friend," returned the lieutenant.

Scipio gave a long "whew!" and then was silent for a minute or two. "Master Augustus" said the veteran at length, you will have a wife who is strangely fond of the sea-shore." "I do not comprehend you Scipio," said the youth. "Ah, Master Augustus," replied the old privateer, gravely, "beware how you marry that girl. Well might I look in amazement at her. She is an enemy to her country, or has some base connection with its enemies. For several months past I have seen her clamber along the rocks, day after day, at some distance from the port; and I am certain that it is she who gives signals to the English smuggler, and lets him know when it is safe to land the cargo." "Scipio, you are mad!" exclaimed the officers; "the daughter of the commissary of marine, my Cecile, give signals to a smuggler! This is pure raving!" "It is no raving, Master Augustus," returned the veteran; "I cannot be mistaken. The dress, the figure, every thing tells me that she is the same person on whom my glass has been fixed a thousand times.—Ah, beware, Master Augustus!" The young officer was confounded by the old seaman's pertinacity in making this assertion. "Come to-morrow evening to the Halcyon," said Scipio, "and you will probably be convinced by the evidence of your own eye-sight." The bewildered lieutenant gave his consent to this arrangement, ere the two parted for the evening. Scipio was so strongly attached to the youth, that this discovery, so deeply affecting his happiness, drove the letters of marque almost out of the old man's mind. Too much time, besides, had been spent to render them now available. But the privateer was right. On the following day it was well known in the town that the English smuggler had discharged his cargo not far from the port.

For several successive evenings after the one described, Scipio and the young officer of marines watched the rocks along the coast from the deck of the Halcyon, and on each occasion were disappointed. No Cecile, nor any body resembling he, appeared to confirm the veteran's statement, and Augustus by degrees became convinced that Scipio's conjecture was utterly unfounded. The daily sight of Cecile was enough of itself to overthrow all jealous suspicion. As the enamoured officer gazed on her light but exquisite form, and her lovely countenance, as yet almost childish in its beauty, or listened to her sweet voice as it accompanied the motion of her delicate fingers on the harp, he thought he must have been mad to imagine, for one moment that a creature so young, so tenderly nurtured, should take up the task which Scipio had assigned to her, even if it could be supposed that her father should be so false to his official trust as to countenance the contraband trade. And then, toas the chances of her loving another, how could the lieutenant believe this to be the case when her truth-speaking lips so openly avowed her affection for himself? No, no; Scipio had seen some fisherman's daughter on the rocks, if he had seen any body at all. Such was the train of thought which passed through the mind of Augustus as he sat by the side of Cecile on the fourth or fifth day after their betrothal. "But a few days, now, Cecile," murmured the lover, "and you will be mine—mine for ever." "Would that the time were come, Augustus, said the daughter of the commissary. "Fool that I was to doubt her love!" thought the officer. "Ah, Cecile!" said he aloud, "you make me too happy." At this moment the pair were interrupted. The commissary himself entered the room, a cold, stern, reserved person, most unlike his daughter in seeming temperament. "Augustus," said the commissary, "there are bad news of our cruisers. You will have to depart to-morrow for the eastern part of the Channel." Cecile grew pale, and cast her eyes on the ground; and when she raised to reply to the adieus of her lover, they were filled with tears.

On the morrow, Augustus set off to join the frigate to which he was attached. On the evening of the same day, Scipio set at his post on board the Halcyon, with his glass in his hand. His gaze was turned long, long to sea, and at length he directed it to the land. He had no sooner done so, than a sort of yell escaped him. "Is not this horrible, abominable!—the very day of his departure!" cried the old seaman, "there she is again on the rocks; her blue dress, her figure, nay her face, her mouth, her eyes—I see them all as plainly as if she were two paces off. It must be she! Treacherous, wretched girl! Oh, my poor Master Augustus!" As Scipio uttered those exclamationss he turned his glass again to sea. "By heavens, there goes the smuggler already! Already does he know the time to be favourable, and again the blockade will be broken, while I lie here idle, and can do nothing." Convinced of the connection of the commissary with the smuggler, Scipio did not again go on the needle errand of seeking letters of marque, but formed many bitter resolutions of exposing him. At the same time Scipio prayed most earnestly for the speedy return of Augustus. The old man was gratified in his wish. Scarcely had night closed in, when the frigate to which Augustus belonged, entered the harbour with a rich prize—two English, East-Indiamen. The young officer landed immediately and went to visit Cecile. The daughter of the commissary listened with an obvious mixture of fear and de-

light to her lover's narrative of the capture of the two vessels. She separated his long light tresses to see if he spoke true—if the bullets which had passed over his head had not wounded him. She pressed his hands in hers; she was so happy! But Augustus was abruptly called away from this interview. It was Scipio who sought him. What was the result of their interview will be immediately seen. Suffice it to say, that the frigate had not been many hours in the harbour ere she again stood at sea.

On the ensuing morning, the people of the town beheld a stirring sight. At a short distance along the coast, the frigate was seen hemming the well-known smuggler close in to the land. After an attempt to escape on several tacks, the smuggler ran almost upon the rocks. The frigate could not follow it without danger, but a boat full of armed men soon left the frigate to board the contraband vessel. There was yet one chance of escape for the smuggler. To seaward was the frigate, and on one side was the fort of the town, shutting out all chance on these quarters, but on the other side was a narrow passage between a large sunken rock and the shore, which might yet permit an escape, for through that passage the frigate could not have attempted to follow. But the question was, whether or not the smuggler knew of this passage? Apparently it did not, for it seemed to wait the approach of the boarding-party, of the head of whom was Augustus, with his trumpet in his hand. Scipio too was in that boat, for the veteran had pressed to be taken on the service.—The boat was nearing the smuggler, and it was the hope of all that the contrabandists were ignorant of the passage, when suddenly a girl, dressed in blue, appeared on the rocks, and gave a signal to the smuggler to throw himself into the pass! The signal was noticed by those in the boat, and indeed by all. The trumpet fell from the hand of Augustus as he beheld that girl's figure. But some of the men, in the irritation of the moment, raising their guns to their shoulders. "Fire cried Scipio. "No, no! it is in sport," cried Augustus. But his words came to late. One of men fired, and the upraised hand of the girl fell to her side. In a moment after, her body was seen to fall prostrate behind the rock where she had appeared. The signal was not in time to save the smuggler, if indeed it was fully understood. There is no necessity for detailing the particulars of the capture which followed. It is enough to say that the smuggler was taken, brought into the harbour, and its cargo publicly burnt on the streets of the town, amid the acclamations of the multitude. The commissary of the marine officiated as the regulator of the burning, and threw the first artical into the fire with his own hands. The commissary was somewhat pale at the moment, but by his side stood a young officer, whose—colour was that of a corpse.

Some weeks after this affair, a letter reached Augustus. It was written from a convent. Part of it ran thus:—"Ere I knew what purposes I was furthering in so doing, I was ordered often, often, by my cruel father, whose strongest passion was avarice, to appear on these unhappy rocks; and when I did become aware of all that lay under the proceeding, I sought to free myself from the task but could not. Suspicion was more unlikely to fall on me than others. My stern parent's influence over me was beyond my power to escape from and at the last, on the day of the smuggler's capture; she compelled me to make an attempt to save the vessel. I longed for our union, Augustus, because I loved you; but I also longed for it to rid me of this most unnatural servitude. * * * I know you will pardon me, beloved, and the thought will sustain me under our endless separation. Earlier would I have written, but for my wounded hand, it is now almost well.—Adieu."

Some years after this period, Augustus de Bussy was a married man. His wife was a beautiful woman, but it used to be remarked by all her friends as a very odd circumstance, that she always wore a glove on one of her hands. The reader, however, will not wonder much at this circumstance, for he will conjecture, and rightly, that Cecile was the person in question. As long as the commissary lived. Augustus, though he kept the strange old man's secret; never could bring his mind to think of connecting himself with such a being; but when the commissary died, which took place within two years of the affairs related, the young officer took Cecile from the convent where she had found a refuge although she had not become a member of its sisterhood, and made her the mistress of his home. Old Scipio notwithstanding the thoughts he had once entertained of her, was happy in being allowed to teach the mysteries of ship-building and ship-sailing to the little ones who had her blood in their veins.

Thus closes our episode of the Continental Blockade

SKETCH OF TRAVEL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALCUTTA, BY AN OFFICER.

The Fort of Calcutta is one of the most splendid and convenient military establishments to be found in any quarter of the globe. It is very spacious, and, like the Tower of London, resembles a small town rather than a mere citadel, consisting of various streets and squares adapted for different purposes. On all sides it is guarded by a high and strongly built rampart, which is surrounded by a broad fosse, over which are placed drawbridges, leading to the principal gateways. On our first arrival here, after due admiration of the noble fortress itself, I was particularly amused by observing a tribe of extraordinary looking birds of the crane specious, called Adjutants, which are quite domestic, but of a strange unsightly appearance, and which stand erect, like the penguin, in military fashion, rank and file, remaining as silent, motionless, and orderly, as a regiment drawn up on parade. These curious creatures are so well drilled, and so well practised in soldierly habits, that they never move the body, nor even the head, to the left or right as you pass by them, but seem fixed as statues, and are generally to be seen surrounding the green square enclosure in front of the barracks where they remain in a state of ruminative apathy under the full blaze of the mid day sun, until the soldier's dinner-dram begins to beat. Then are they all in motion in an instant, scampering off in double-quick time to the men's barracks, where a scene of great drollery usually ensues. They are most ravenous creatures, and provided with an enormously long and formidable bill, as well as with a large capacious bag, which hangs down from their throat to their long lanky legs. These curious birds, after all, though by no means an ornament to the fort, are as useful as they are amusing being literally and truly its scavengers. They carry off all the offal and refuse thrown out about its precincts, and to them, and a host of assistant crows, who also frequent the locality, the inmates are indebted for the admirable cleanliness, and consequently much of the healthiness, of the place. These crows live on good terms, for the most part, with the Adjutants, but sometimes one of the latter specious is provoked out of its apathy by some mischievous encroachment on the part of the lesser birds, and gulps down the offending crow in an instant, feathers, bone, beak, claws, and all. This is a feat which the adjutant can execute with the greatest ease.

The fort is often the scene of animated festivity, from the presence of native jugglers, renowned for their surprising skill and dexterity. The performances of these people have been so often described, that I shall only advert to one piece of jugglery which was practised upon myself, and which is curious from bearing a strong resemblance to the feats recorded in sacred history as having been performed by the Egyptian magicians. Indeed, as it is well known that the Hindoo tricks have been handed down from the most distant ages, from father to son, there is little wonder that such a similarity should exist. The particular trick alluded to comisted in the apparent conversion of a small brass coin into a snake. The juggler gave me the coin to hold, and then seated himself, about five yards from me, on a small rug, from which he never attempted to move during the whole performance. I showed the coin to several persons who were close beside me on a form in front of the juggler. At a sign from him, I not only grasped the coin firmly in my right hand, but, covering that hand with equal tightness with my left, I enclosed them both as firmly as I could between my knees. Of course I was positively certain that the small coin was within my fists. The juggler then began a sort of incantation, accompanied by a monotonous and discordant kind of recitative, and repeating the words "Ram Sammee" during some minutes. He then suddenly stopped, and, still keeping his seat, made a quick motion with his right hand, as if throwing something at me, and giving at the same time a puff with his mouth. At that instant I felt my hands suddenly distend, and become partly open, while I experienced a sensation as if a cold ball of dough, or some such soft substance, was now between my palms. I started to my feet in astonishment, and also to the astonishment of others, and unclenching my fists, found there no coin, but, to my horror, a young living snake a cabra-di-capello— folded roundly up. I threw it instantly to the ground, as if already bit by the deadly reptile, which began immediately to crawl along the ground, to the amaze and alarm of all present, But the juggler now got up, caught hold of the snake, and displayed its length, which was nearly two feet. He then took it cautiously by the tail, and opening his own mouth to its utmost width, let the head of the snake drop into it, and commenced deliberately to swallow the animal, till the end of the tail only was visible, then, making a sudden gulp, the whole of the snake was apparently swallowed. After this the juggler came up to the spectators, and opening his mouth wide, permitted us to look into his throat; but no snake or snake-tail was to be seen. It was seemingly down his throat altoge ther.

During the remainder of the performances, we never saw this snake again, nor did the juggler profess his ability to make it re-appear. But he performed another snake-trick which surprised us much. He took from a bag another living cobra-di-capello, and walking into the centre of the room, enclosed it in his hands, in a folded state. He waved or shook them for some time in this condition, and then opened his fists, when, behold! the large cabra was gone, and in its place were several small ones, which fell on the floor, and began to move about.

THE HOUSEWIFE,

The following article, from the New York Express, contains so much good sense, and propriety too, that we are induced to copy it, for the especial benefit of some "lords of creation," that we wot of. If the *boot* pinches any one's foot, we shall call on our female readers, to stand between us and harm.

TO MAKE WIVES LOVE THEIR HOMES AND DAUGHTERS TOO.

A great deal has been said, here and elsewhere, about the stay-at-home duty of wives, and the obligation under which they live, to make home pleasant and comfortable, attractive and all that. The inference from this one sided preachment and caution is, that men have nothing to do in the matter, and that nothing depends upon them in relation to the comforts of what is intended to be the pleasantest place upon earth. Women are soundly rated for gadding, as if they had no right to be seen out of doors: while men may treat their houses as mere cook-shops and places were lodgings are provided for them—coming in only to their food and to their beds, and nobody questions either their right thus to neglect their families, or the propriety and policy of such neglect.

When a man thus contemptuously treats his home, and evinces in every action his preference for any place except his own fireside, what are we to expect of the rest of the folks' but that they should emulate the father of the family, and despise home, too? If they make it comfortable, it must be from some selfish consideration entirely; for nobody cares any thing about it for more than an hour at a time. All the efforts of the wife to call attention to improvements and alterations in the household being lost, or, at most, responded to in the language and tone of indifference, she becomes dispirited, and naturally learns to put a small estimate upon what receives but small consideration from others. Of course she must 'gad' or be miserable.

Wives and religion are treated very much alike in this world. *Both*, to use an Hibernicism, are conceded to be *the one* thing needful: and both are neglected. To both a great deal of lip worship is said—and toward both, to do human nature justice, there is a great deal of warmth of heart. It, is, however, but an abstract feeling—sentiment by fits and starts, which comes over one when he is racked by adversity, or cheered by ex-

traordinary good fortune. It comes out upon occasions, but in the daily walks of life where its influence should be seen and felt it is a hidden thing. If a man is dying himself, he calls upon his Maker with as much fervor, as if he had never forgotten him; and if his wife is at the point of death he makes himself as busy and as anxious as if he had never forgotten her. The same feeling, equalised through his life, would prevent a man's terrible anxiety at the hour of death; and proper and attentive care of his wife at all times, and under all circumstances, would leave him no necessity to be over anxious to atone for usual remissness when she is in danger or distress.

Every married man who does not know that his wife's whole soul is in her house ought to learn it. If such be not her disposition, he will stand a fair chance to be unhappy, unless, indeed, he can find some means to alter her tastes, or to conform his household and his pursuits to her peculiar mental conformation. Waiving such, as extraordinary cases, and taking a woman as we usually find them, the married man should consider his house as his wife's empire, and if he would obtain and keep a hold upon her sincere affections, he must learn to feel an interest in all that she does within her proper sphere. The veriest trifle that takes place at home by her direction, is conducted with a view to his comfort and his wishes. Men do not think of this sufficiently. Their cares and intercourse are divided to so many different points and among so many different people, that they cannot without schooling their minds to the subject, comprehend a woman's single attachment to one person, and care for him. He cannot realize that it is his duty to meet this by a corresponding feeling; to be shown always at home. Engrossed in the weighty cares of business, he forgets that what appear as but trifles to him, employ as much the attention of his wife, as his negociations upon 'change, or his business transaction affairs occupy him. He would feel sadly annoyed if what he chooses to tell his wife of his business did not interest her, or if she made no inquiries relative to his business—and prospects.

On the same ground, he should reflect that his wife has a right to be nettled, and may naturally become habitually despondent, if he passes over her budget of domestic news without the expression of any interest. He ought to see the whole advantages of any removal of the furniture, any change of a carpet, or indeed any movement within doors which she may resolve upon in her cabinet councils. He may even assume a right to a voice in those discussions, and she will like it all the better, if he do not attempt too often the exercise of the veto power. She is queen of the realm; he should be, in a manner a Prince Albert—a sort of subject consort; never disputing her authority, but making suggestions as Prince Albert most certainly will. He may be sure that if he attemps no dictation, and merely expresses wishes, or acknowledges gratification, that the bare expression of interest in household matters will put him in the attitude of "a power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself."

This participation of the husband in affairs at home will necessarily keep him more in the house. He will never find a chance to complain of his wife's "gadding" because, having no inducement to seek sympathy and society abroad, she will become domestic from choice and habit. The participant in all her plans and pursuits, he will know better than to be in a pet at her trips abroad, because he will understand her motive and her reason for all such excursions. In a word, being a reasonable wife, for there are few, if any faults of husbands and wives that are not mutual.

So much for a discussion, which is not malapropos at any time, but is particularly adapted to this season. The approach of another landlord's year is making an unusual bustle in many households; and now is a first rate time for husbands to begin to cure their wives of gadding, as they talk about taking new tenements or refurnishing the old. Let them follow up, as their good sense will dictate, the crude suggestions made in this hastily written article, and a new day in the life matrimonial will dawn upon them; if they have not lived and practised upon correct principles long ago.

☞ A drowned man was taken out of the canal at Boston, on Thursday morning, with the neck of a bottle containing New England rum sticking out of his pocket.

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

ALBANY, SATURDAY, MARCH, 14 1840.

MASONIC.—We would feel obliged to our Masonic friends, throughout the country, if they would from time to time, send us such articles on masonry, as they may be in possession of, either original or otherwise, in the shape of Sermons, Addresses, or Essays. Many of the brethren may have masonic matter, which although not new in one section of country, would still be of interest in another. We would also again remind our brethren throughout the land, we shall at all times be happy to receive an account of the various elections, of officers, in Lodges, Chapters and Encampments.—Ours, being the only masonic paper in the U. S. an interchange of communication in this form, will enable the fraternity of one section of country to see what the other is doing, and enable us to establish that fraternal communication, throughout the land, which it is the object of the Register to promote, and which it is essential for the prosperity of the fraternity should be kept up. It is also desirable, to publish the regular communications of each lodge, as will be found in another column, under the head of "Calender of Communications." Where several papers are taken in a neighborhood, it will assist the memory. All communications sent to us through the post office, it is expected will be free of postage.

Although the following letter contains some very flattering encomiums, in relation to ourselves which *modesty*, perhaps, should confine to our "*sanctorum*," yet we are induced to publish the whole of it, as containing some very useful hints to the craft in general.—Had the Masons of our own State, been governed by the prudent suggestions here laid down as "our rule of conduct," we should not at this time been compelled to mourn over our desecrated Temple. However, a brighter day is dawning; and we trust that our future efforts, will be governed by the salutary monitions of past experience. We should ever bear in mind the admirable sentiment, of our Grand Chaplain, that "personal conduct, affords the most indubitable evidence and furnishes the best exemplification, of the moral nature of our governing principles of action. "By their fruit shall ye know them," is a maxim of sound wisdom. By this criterion, *we* judge of other men, and *they*, especially judge of *us*, as masons. A simple profession, under any circumstances, is of little or no avail in the view of the world, without a corresponding course of life and conduct. Hereby, are we to show forth the excellency of our institution, before a gain-saying world, being ourselves, living Epistles, known and read of all men."

Memphis, Tenn. Feb'y. 28th 1840.

Dear Sir.

By the last mail I received a copy of your "American Masonic Register," and hasten to thank you for your kind attention. It is precisely such a work as I have for some time desired to see: and have anxiously sought for. Until, however, the reception of your 17th No. I was not aware that such a publication existed in the Union.—So far as my information extends, it is at this time the *only* one.

I mean no idle compliment, when I say that a careful perusal of the No. before me, has inspired a warm degree of interest for the success of a work possessing so much intrinsic value to the Craft; and as some earnest of that interest, herewith desire you to forward to my address at this place, ten copies of the "Register," commencing with the first of the volume.

* * * * * * * * * *

I am truly rejoiced to find from various sources of information, that our time-honored; though much abused Institution, is again recovering from the heartless and ferocious attacks which have been made upon it. The night-time of successful misrepresentation and abuse, is passing away in every quarter of our Republic; and, in this portion of it, the morning which is about to succeed it, gives tokens of a brighter and better day for true Freemasonry, than has ever yet dawned upon it. I trust that we may come out of the ordeal of persecution to which we have been subjected, like pure gold—purified from the dross which, we, must in candor acknowledge, had begun to gather around and incorporate itself with the pure metal.—In Tennessee, the Lodges are again resuming their labors, and many fine materials are being proposed for our Masonic Temple—materials which have been, and are, accepted because of their intrinsic worth and qualifications. Ten years ago this was not universally the case—favor, affection, interest too often accomplished the admission of persons into the highest seats of the Temple, who ought never to have profaned the checkered pavement with their footsteps. The consequence is written in the history of Freemasonry during the period referred to, and is, I trust deeply impressed upon the minds of the true and faithful, who have stood by the good old cause, through good and through evil report. If this experiment should induce universally a rigid and searching scrutiny into the internal qualifications of those presenting themselves at our doors and a firm unwavering determination to refuse *all* admission who cannot exhibit the proper masonic recommendations, it will be well that our Cause has suffered persecution. Where such are the consequences, we may rejoice in the endurance of a temporary evil."

ELOCUTION—MR. WHITNEY.—This gentleman gave his second lecture on elocution, on Wednesday evening last, to a respectable and attentive auditory. His conceptions of the various characters he represents are fine, and rivets the attention of his hearers. His voice is finely cultivated, exhibiting an extraordinary compass. If his imitation of M'Duffie, is any thing to nature, we would cheerfully go twenty miles to hear the original. Those of our readers who are desirous of spending an evening in intellectual enjoyment, at a trifling cost, can now have an opportunity. For particulars see his card in another column.

At Raleigh, N. C., the season is so far advanced that the farmers are ploughing and the gardeners busy at work, while the peach and other fruit trees are much advanced in vegetation.

Singular Death.—Miss Janette White, a young lady of 17 years, died at Millersburgh, Ohio, 25th ult., from inflammation caused by a slight puncture in the back, with a pin, used in the fastening of her clothes.

As we published last week, the expulsion of Mr. Arnauld, from the privileges of I. O. O. F. a seeming sense of propriety, renders it but fair, that we should give his communication a place. As both parties have now had a hearing we hope we shall be excused from participating in a controversy, which the discipline of the Order, can undoubtedly settle.

Mr. Editor.

I noticed in your last week's paper, that the Washington Lodge No 12, of I. O. O. F. one of the Expelled Lodges in the city of Albany, has published their regular quarterly election of officers which took place last January; now I perceive that they came out

with it in March with the late appointed Secretary; as though he had been regularly elected to fill the vacancy of Mr P. J. Arnauld the elect secretary of January, who has been unceremoniously, illegally, and unconstitutionally, made to vacate his seat for no other reasons than for having expressed his views and proposed resolutions for the purpose of recognising the Grand State Lodge in the city of New York, to be the legal one, the one which is recognised by the United States Grand Lodge and not the self styled State Lodge in Stanwix Hall. So far favorable were these views to the members nine were in favor, and three opposed, and in special meeting ordered by the N. G. on the subject and also on a charge of a member. As the minority said Arnould had used his name to influence an officer to vote for this resolution, as though that officer had not a sense of his own.

P. J ARNAULD.

I am informed by the said be secretary that there were but six members present at the meeting they say Expelled me neither him nor the other member voted on it. P. J. A.

INTELLIGENCE.

FLORIDA.

DISGRACEFUL.—We learn that Lieut. Whitten of the volunteers, was killed by the Indians, near the Ocilla, a few days since. He was out on a scout with twelve men, and was somewhat in advance of his company when fired on, killed and mutilated in a most horrid manner: his men in the meantime, leaving him to his wretched fate. Such cowardice and treachery deserve the severest rebuke, and we learn that their names will be stricken from the roll, as they must be from the respect of society. The force of the enemy was said to be only eight or nine.

By reference to our columns, it will be seen that murders are being daily committed in every part of the territory. Small bodies of the enemy are lurking about committing ravages of various kinds, and then concealing themselves from view, and eluding the vigilance of the military.—*Quincy Sentinel.*

ASYLUM FOR INEBRIATES.—We perceive that some of the journals at the South, are engaged in discussing the propriety of establishing an Asylum for Inebriates. The Philadelphia and Baltimore papers have both expressed views in favor of such a measure. We copy the following.

"Drunkenness may almost be called a species of insanity, and it produces, when habitual, a diseased state of body which renders the unhappy victim a fit subject of medical treatment. It strikes us that the project of establishing an asylum for such as have contracted this unfortunate habit is a very good one, and likely to be productive of happy results. There are hundreds in every large community, slaves to intemperance, who would be glad to escape from the chains of tyrants whose sway they have brought upon themselves, and who *do* make efforts for their own deliverance. But the habit has become a disease: it is settled in the system; the nervous organization is shattered, and the will is impotent; having such feeble instrument. Persons of this class are entitled to sympathy and assistance. They bewail their condition, and are fully sensible of its degrading nature. The inference is highly probable that they would rejoice at the opportunity of placing themselves under wholesome restraint, where kindness and medical aid would come to the help of their own well meant though inefficient resolution. The experiment is well worth trying.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—A man named Perry, aged about 60, an old resident of the village of Manlius, was suddenly deprived of life on the morning of the 18th inst. He had been engaged in grinding an axe, in the mill owned by Jonathen Rowley, on the floor over the water-wheel. On stepping upon a loose board, he fell through the floor, and was precipitated about 25 feet to the water-wheel, which was revolving, and immediately stript him of every vestige of clothing, and cut off entirely the upper part of his head.—*Onondaga Standard.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR TREES.—A venerable citizen has called upon us to say, that it is high times for all those who have fruit or shade trees worth preserving, to be looking out for the ravages of the cankerworm. Early last week he had precaution to tar his trees, and found, on subsequent examination, that he had entrapped a large number of the grub and fly which generate the worm, and that it was necessary again to renew his tar. A second tarring produced the same result. It is, therefore, evident that no time is to be lost in pursuing every precaution to preserve our trees for the coming summer. It is apprehended that the tinning and stocking process adopted for many of our shade trees, will not be effectual, since it is not found sufficient to avoid the effect of wind and weather.

SUICIDE.—We learn from the Lincoln Patriot, that Mr. Alexander Spear, of Warren, who had taught a school in Cushing, Maine, during the winter, committed suicide in his school house, recently, by cutting his throat with a penknife. He was found, when his scholars arrived, nearly divested of clothing, in a dark closet in the building, having just expired from his wounds. The whetstone was still wet on which he had sharpened his knife; and his clothing was as carefully folded as if he had been preparing to pack it in a trunk.

A Regular Caution.—In the Baltimore county court on Wednesday, Mrs. Susan E. Griffith obtained a verdict for $300 damages, in an action for slander, brought under the following circumstances. The evidence shows that Mrs. Griffith and another lady went into defendant's store on a Saturday night about 7 or 8 o'clock, and asked to look at some stockings. Defendant put on the counter 3 pair, as he supposed, and when they declined to buy any, he discovered that there were only two. The plaintiff then started out, was stopped by defendant, brought back and partially searched. The declaration stated that defendant, said, "Madam, you have my stockings, walk back and give them up; it's of no use to deny it, you have them."

Dreadful Death.—An old man of the name of Busby, a corporal in the 1st incorporated militia, was burnt in such a shocking manner as to cause his death in a few hours. It appears that Busby was a man of very intemperate habits, and had gone to bed drunk in the afternoon, and his wife left the house to attend a sick person. When she returned, about dusk she found the wretched victim of intemperance lying on the hearth, literally roasted alive. He died about 4 o'clock next morning.—*Hun. Express.*

Destructive Fire and Loss of Life.—Two cotton boats, with $3,000 worth of cotton, were destroyed by fire at Pulaski (Tenn.) on the 19th ult., and two men, John Kelly and John C Browning, who were in them, were burnt to death. It is not known how the fire originated.

A Reverend gentleman, by the name of Miller, is creating some excitement in Boston and its vicinity, by his preaching and prophecies. He alleges that he has discovered, from a careful perusal of the Scriptures, and particularly the book of Revelations, that he world will be destroyed in 1843.

A Hint to the Girls.—Rev. Mr. Morison, of New Bedford, in his Peterborough centenniel sermon, says—"Early in our history, the hand card, the little wheel and the loom with the hand shuttle, were almost the only instrument of manufacture in the place. The grandmother of Governor Miller paid for four hundred acres of land in fine linen, made entirely (except getting out the flax) by her own hands."

DIED.

On Saturday morning, Esther Robison, youngest daughter of Sanford Cobb, aged 16 years.

At Lansingburg, in the house of his father, Mr. Frederick A. Wait, aged about 23 or 24 years, late of this city.

MARRIED.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Fraser, Mr. Dighton Q. Mosher, of Sharon, to Miss Sarah Ann Dockstader, of the same place.

ORATORY—NEW SELECTIONS.

CHARLES WHITNEY.—Professor of Elocution respectfully announces to the citizens of Albany, that he will give his third Lecture at the Apollo Saloon, No 1 Green Street, South-west corner of State, at 7 o'clock, on Wednesday Evening March 18, upon the art of Speaking and Elucidate delivery by *new and original diagrams.*

PART I.

Third act of the Merchant of Venice.—*Solanis, Salarino, Shylock and Tubal,*
Clarence and Brakenbury - - *Shakespeare.*
King Lear's Personification of the Tempest—*Shakspeare.*
Richard 3d Dream and Address to his Army, (as originally written) - - - *Shakspeare*

PART II.

Alexander's Feast - - -	*Dryden*
Eve's Supplication to Adam - -	*Milton*
Exile of Erin - - - - -	*Campbell*
Moore's Bozzaris - - - - -	*Halleck*
Maniac Maid - - - - -	*Southey*
Joan Unfortunate Lady - - - -	*Pope*

PART III.

Reply to Mr. Webster, in Senate, 1830	*Hayne*
Rejoinder to Mr. Hayne, in Senate, 1830	*Webster*
Vindication of South Carolina, 1830	*M'Duffie*
Eloquent Appeal, in behalf of Greece,	*Clay*
Speech, of the Elder Brutus,	*J. H. Payne*
Simplicity Characteristic of Truth	*Edwin Forrest*

PART IV.

Lodgings for Single Gentleman - -	*Coleman*
The Whiskers - - - - -	*Philips*
Toby Fosspot - - - - -	*Coleman*
Razor Seller - - - - -	*P. Pindar*

Tickets 25 Cents, which will admit a Gentleman and Lady. Tickets, admitting a family $1, to be had at the City Hotel, at W. C. Littles Book Store, and at the door on the evening of the performuace.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

Temple Encampment	Albany	3d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday,
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge,	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter,	Troy	1st Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Gen'.	1st Wednesday P. C.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport Nia.	
Mount Moriah,	Louisville Ky	1st & 3d Saturday.

NEW BOOKS—W. C. LITTLE has received
Goodrich's Pictorial Geography of the World, parts 7 and 8, price 3s only.
Deuce's Illustrations of Shakespeare and of ancient manners.
The Northmen in England Discoveries, &c.
Hayward's New England Gazetteer
The American Flower Garden Directory.
The Spirit of the Woods, numerous plates.
The complete Practical Farmer.
Blake's Biographical Dictionary.
Sargent's Temperance Tales, 6 vol's.
The Rejected Addresses, by the Smiths.
Wheatley on the Book of Common Prayer,
The Comic Latin Grammer, plates.
The English Comic Almanac, 1840.
Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley.
Oxford Tracts for the Times.
Pictures of the French by themselves
Buxton on the Slave Trade.
Hunt's Merchant's Magazine for March.
The Lady's Book and Ladies' Companion, and the Philadelphia Casket for March.
Landor's Imaginary Conversations, 4 vols.
Napier's History of the Peninsular War, 4 vols.
Montell's Wonders of Geography, plates.
The Naturalist's Library, numerous plates.
French Letter Paper, Fancy Note Papers, Wafers, Medallions Wax, &c

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER,
Is Published every Saturday by L. G. HOFFMAN
OPPOSITE THE EAGLE TAVERN, ALBANY.

TERMS—To city subscribers, *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* a year. To subscribers who receive their papers by mail, *Two Dollars*, payable on the receipt of the 4th Number. No subscription received for less term than one year. Back numbers of all times furnished.

"A post master may enclose money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and FRANK the letter, if written by himself."

POST MASTER GENERAL.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register and Literary Companion.

MEMORY.

"The memory of past joys, pleasant yet mournful to the Soul."
OSSIAN.

A wond'rous link there is to bind
The heart to heart, the mind to mind;
Who shall investigate its laws,
Or tell us of the mighty cause,
That sets our sense and will at naught,
And cuts a channel for our thought.

Myron, for many years has lain
Beneath the surges of the main.
When last I saw his placid face,
His look of love and mein of grace,
No care had crossed my infant brow,
Yet fancy sees him plainly now.

I see him bending o'er the page
That makes the simplest student sage.
The page that Israel's Psalmist knew,
And wiser than his teachers grew.
The page, though still despised by man,
That Angel eyes have wished to scan.

I see him with a look of love,
The stubborn scorner's pride reprove,
I see his polished shaft of wit
The follies of the thousand hit;
And now in language true and terse
I see him weave the classic verse.

Now when disease has paled his cheek,
A milder clime I see him seek.
And now, amid the foaming spray
And frantic waves of Onslow Bay,
His helmless bark is roaming free,
And—flesh and blood no more may see.

The sea can keep its secret well,
But Faith the sequel yet may tell,
For love like his no floods can drown.
He bore the Cross and wears the Crown,
The pearly gates to him unfold,
He treads the streets of glassy gold.

Faith sees the walls of Jasper stand
Around that glorious spirit land.
Faith hears the chorus of the sky
Like Ocean's voice when winds are high;
And while they one by one rejoice,
She hears the sound of Myron's voice.

P. Jr.

Albany, March, 1840.

ROYAL ARCH SONG.

When orient Wisdom beam'd serene,
And pillar'd Strength arose;
When beauty ting'd the glowing scene,
And faith her mansion chose;
Exulting hands the fabric view'd,
Mysterious powers ador'd;
And high the Triple union stood,
That gave the *mystic* word.

Pale envy wither'd at the sight,
And frowning at the pile,
Call'd murder from the realms of Night,
To blast the glorious toil.
With ruffian outrage, join'd in woe,
They form the league abhorr'd
And wounded Science felt the blow,
That crush'd the *mystic* word.

Concealment, from sequester'd cave,
On sable pinions flew,
And o'er the sacrilegious grave,
Her veil impervious threw;
Th' associate band in solemn state
The awful loss deplor'd,
And Wisdom mourn'd the ruthless fate,
That whelmed the *mystic* word.

At length, through Time's expanded sphere
Fair Science spreads her way,
And warm'd by Truth's refulgence clear,
Reflects the kindred ray;
A second fabrick's tow'ring height
Proclaims the *sign* restor'd,
From whose foundation, brought to light,
Is drawn the *mystic* word.

To depths obscure, the favor'd Trine
A dreary course engage,
'Till through the Arch the ray divine
Illumes the sacred page!
From the wide wonders of this blaze,
Our ancient *sign's* restored,
The Royal Arch alone displays
The long lost *mystic* word.

There is a great deal of beautiful, tender simplicity in the following verses, as well as true patriotism and a firm manly feeling. In short it is an effluence from the heart of an Irishman, thinking aloud.

THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May mornin', long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on thy lip, Mary,
And the lo e light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, soft on my cheek,
And I still keep listnin', for the words
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary—
I see the spire from here;
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
For I've laid you, darlin', down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, oh! they love the better,
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary—
My blessin' and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died!

Yours was the brave good heart, Mary,
That still kept hopin' on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arms' young strength had gone,
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow;
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you can't hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile,
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger-pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore;
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more.

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget you, darlin'!
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright Maymorn,
When first you were my bride!

THE NIGHT-FOUNDERED BARK.

The day passed sadly, and the evening fell,
The light wind to the last beam sighed farewell,
Then calmly o'er the quiet waters crept,
And o'er their pure and placid bosom slept;
The flag drooped heavily against the mast,
And all was deadly calm, too calm to last;
Dark clouds were spread along the western sky,
Like heavy folds of funeral drapery,
As if they waited for the daylight's close,
To drop their curtain o'er the sun's repose:
Yet e'en their ragged edge the last ray tinged,
And with a deep and golden border fringed;
And o'er their bosoms lighter clouds careered,
That, deeply red, surcharged with fire appeared;
A distant, indistinct, and murmuring sound,
Was all that broke the calm which reigned around;
While something like a weight, so sultry-warm,
Hung o'er, sure token of the coming storm.

Slowly those dark clouds soon began to spread
Their pall-like, sable curtains overhead;
And distant thunder, like a signa drum,
Bade heaven's artillery to battle come;
Then the hoarse thunder muttered o'er the waves,
And roused them from their sleep in coral caves;
Each rolling billow shook its foamy crest,
And danced and leaped for joy on ocean's breast.
Fierce darting onward, with a wild delight,
Like white-plumed warriors rushing to the fight;
While the red sky its vivid lightnings sent,
To mingle in the roaring element;
And the long whistle of th' awakened wind,
Seemed calling to the clouds that lagged behind!

Where was the vessel, mid that wild uproar?
And where, oh! where, the fearful hearts it bore!
Where was the ship?—'twas indistinctly seen,
The darksome seas the watery cliffs, between,
Now hidden, as the waves swept o'er the deck,
Now rising for an instant, a black speck!
'Tis gone at last—I cannot see it more:
And where it was, the waves are battling o'er:
While high above the boiling of the surge,
The sea-bird screams the vessel's funeral dirge;
And the loud shriek of death and agony,
Is lost amid the howling of the sea!

PARTING FROM A HOUSEHOLD.

BY MARY E. HEWITT.

We are parting, as with shadows,
From the friends of happy hours;
From the eyes whose kindly glances
Were as sunbeams unto flowers;
From the sound of gentle voices,
Whose tones have thrown a spell
Of gladness over every word.
Save the dread word, 'Farewell!'

Do we pass, to be forgotten,
From the fireside, and the board?
With our parting footsteps, lightly forth,
Like a jest, an idle word?
The sea lamenteth not the foam
Flung from its dashing crest,
Nor the eagle the loosed feather
That is falling from his breast!

Oh, friends! we would be treasured still!
Though Time's cold hand should cast
His misty veil, in after years,
Over the idol past;
Yet send to us some offering thought,
O'er memory's ocean wide;
Bright as the Hindoo's votive lamp,
On Ganga's sacred tide.